

Blow a Kiss Fire a Gun by 14winters

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/F

Language: English

Characters: Kali Prasad, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Kali Prasad/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-26

Updated: 2018-11-04

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:55:36

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 9

Words: 5,422

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A collection of standalone ficlets, meta, and headcanons on Kalancy, or Kali/Nancy, initially posted to tumblr.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

In response to an anon message: I'll read basically any ship where Kali's with someone who will treat her right

Right anon? Same! Kali deserves a partner who respects her and understands her trauma. Just like Nancy does! Which is why her and Nancy are perfect for each other!! They both want to take down evil government entities and evil government agents and will do anything to achieve that goal. Jonathan and Steve are their boyfriends (or platonic soulmates, whatever you prefer) there to support these ladies in their missions of vengeance!!

Honestly SteveKaliNancyJonathan is the purest group of monster hunters/revenge killers/teenage badassery ever and I'm sad the fandom is pretty much sleepin on the idea of the four of them being awesome together.

If Kali doesn't get the writing she deserves in season 3 you can bet I'm just gonna keep writing fic and headcanons about her and Nancy doing wonderful things together, and having a healthy mutually supportive relationship. Because they both deserve that.

Like imagine how much they respect and support each other? It makes me super emo. Kali helping Nancy after she has nightmares, letting her imagine happier things. Nancy helping Kali investigate where the remnants of the evil lab are so they can hunt them together. Cuddling and Nancy is just a bit taller than Kali so she's always the big spoon. Kali helping Nancy get a punk look going. Nancy and Kali buying makeup together. Sharing clothes and shoes. Nancy dying her hair blonde and going undercover to help Kali take down more evil government agents that want to experiment on other kids with powers. IM JUST LIVING SO MUCH OVER THIS POWER COUPLE.

2. Chapter 2

Both Nancy and Kali are light sleepers. Nancy loves this because her insomnia has been so bad since the events of 1983, since losing Barb, that when she and Kali finally get together she loves that she can have someone there when she can't sleep or a nightmare wakes her. And Kali told her she doesn't mind getting woken up, usually Nancy's restlessness wakes her anyway, or she'll have to wake Nancy from a nightmare. Kali gets back to sleep easily but they often stay up talking over their nightmares, or just anything, distracting each other. One time Nancy stayed up and made a freakin cake for them since she couldn't sleep.

This becomes their special thing when neither of them can sleep or one of them has nightmares. They'll bake together.

3. Chapter 3

Nancy loves baking the most, it helps her relax, especially late at night when she can't sleep. And all these late nights Nancy and Kali spend up together, Nancy baking and Kali helping with mixing and cleanup, they make almost a ritual out of the tasting. They feed each other dessert. Either this dissolves into a make out session or a food fight, or both.

Kali never really learned to cook, growing up in the evil lab and then after escaping, living mostly in cities where there was always food to steal. She can count on one hand the number of times she's lived somewhere with a stove. But both she and Nancy are coffee people, and Kali knows coffee. Nancy quickly learns Kali makes the best cup of coffee she's ever had.

Nancy patiently teaches Kali basic cooking skills. Kali gets easily frustrated but Nancy does not—she grew up with a mother like Karen, a woman of infinite patience. She's also the eldest, and settling down her siblings was something she often had to do, especially before Mike was old enough to babysit Holly and Nancy was responsible for both of them. Nancy doesn't see teaching Kali as a challenge so much as another fun task they can do together.

Nancy's favorite fruit is blackberries, and Kali's is strawberries. The first time Nancy decides to take her girlfriend out strawberry picking, Kali can hardly resist eating more than half the strawberries she picks. Nancy delights in kissing her fingers later, tasting all the strawberry juice.

Kali is used to eating a lot of junk food, and going up to several days without eating a full meal. Nancy is of course appalled as soon as she learns this. She is the one always checking if Kali is hungry, if she's had enough to eat. Kali isn't used to it at first, but it always gives her this warm feeling in her chest.

The munchies. When they smoke together, Kali loves when Nancy gets the munchies, because she never believes Nancy eats enough. Nancy just has a small frame and a high metabolism, but Kali takes after her girlfriend and wants to make sure Nancy gets enough to eat.

But instead of just asking (because Nancy always says she's full, she seldom eats seconds), Kali prefers to get Nancy high and make treats for her. Once high Nancy suggested pancakes and they had a hilarious time trying to make them while high, Kali continuously trying to make Nancy sit down and let her make the pancakes herself, Nancy repeatedly getting up to help and make sure Kali did everything right. It took far longer than it would have if they were sober.

4. Chapter 4

Notes for the Chapter:

In response to the anon message: *'Butterfly' by Rachel Rose Mitchell is literally the most Kali song I've ever heard omg*

This song has such a gorgeous haunting vibe, I'm so glad you introduced me to this artist! And yeah wow it is the most Kali song ever. Did the writers know what they were doing when they had Kali conjure a butterfly of all things in 2x07? Because the metaphors just don't stop with Kali and butterflies.

This song as it relates to Kali makes me think how Nancy defies what the song talks about, what Kali was forced to go through, and then escapes. It's just a correlation the song helped me with, I don't think Nancy and Kali had similar experiences. But they approach life in a similar way. Kali refused to be seen as an experiment, and escaped. The song reminds me of how Nancy wants to defy the stereotype of the "nice girl" that everyone expects her to be, to become. She doesn't want to become like her mother, in a static, empty marriage without love, being a housewife. To her that sounds like a prison. So she's determined to escape it before it can catch her.

And Kali is determined to not only escape the prison her abusers put her in, but destroy that prison and everyone who was a part of its creation. I think they would see any sort of conventional lifestyle as something to be defeated, pushed back against. Kali tried to live a normal life, as she told El, but she couldn't. She says they couldn't help her, so she had to leave that life behind. Just like Nancy, I think Kali would feel any effort at normalcy would be in violation of who she is, at her heart. Neither of them are meant for a conventional path, and they don't want to be.

I just think if Nancy and Kali met, they would quickly learn how similarly they view the world. I can't believe more people don't want to write with them.

5. Chapter 5

There's no curry in Hawkins. So the first time Nancy has it is when she visits Kali in Chicago for the first time, in the summer of 1985. El and Hopper come too, it's not just a trip for her and Kali to see each other. But eventually they get to go out to dinner together, just the two of them. Nancy is eager to try different kinds of food, being in a big city for the first time, so Kali figures Indian food is a good starting point. She makes sure Nancy gets the lowest spiciness level, a yellow chicken curry that's one of Kali's favorites. Nancy of course loves it (there's very little food she doesn't love) and wants to know everything that goes into it. The next day Nancy even calls her mother to ask her if she thinks the grocery store in Hawkins will have all the ingredients. They don't. Nancy is disappointed, but Kali just shrugs it off and says she'll bring Nancy more when she visits Hawkins next.

But next time Kali visits, Nancy has this impish little smile on her face after they hug and greet each other, and Kali hands over the curry she promised to bring. Nancy says, "I'll definitely eat this tomorrow, but I have a surprise for you." And she pulls Kali into the Wheeler's dining room where a dinner for two is laid out. Nancy made her own curry, and is beyond thrilled to have Kali finally try it. She tells Kali that she, Steve, and Jonathan all made a special trip to Indianapolis (let's pretend that's the closest city to Hawkins cuz I have no idea) to get the ingredients. Nancy made a practice dish and tested it on the boys, and it was far too spicy and she struggled to get it right the next time.

What Kali loves about Nancy is she's not afraid of the truth. She wants Kali's honest opinion about everything, and loves Kali's forthrightness. It's what made them become close so quickly. And this definitely applies to Nancy's cooking. Kali tells her the curry is delicious, but also points out how she could make it better next time. Nancy is glowing by the end of the meal.

No one else is home so after they clean up the kitchen they go upstairs and shower together. *throws gay confetti*

6. Mistletoe and Velvet

Notes for the Chapter:

This was written for hawkeyes-red-robe on tumblr. Since I haven't finished my multi-chapter Kalancy fic, I don't really see this as part of that same AU. But at the same time it *could* be. My headcanon universes are always a bit of a mess.

December 14, 1985

Due to Mr. Wheeler holding a very “cushy” white collar job, as Nancy had put it, Kali knew the Wheeler house would be extravagant. She’d never seen a home so lavishly decorated for Christmas. Not one she’d been invited to anyway. It took a conscious effort to stop herself from scoping the house for the easiest exit strategy. She wasn’t stealing anything from this place.

Nancy was leading her by the hand into the dining room. She wore a long-sleeved red velvet dress that all but completely exposed her back, and Kali knew Nancy wasn’t wearing a bra.

Kali was wearing tight jeans, a vaguely clean black sweater, and her usual boots. Nancy had made it a point to tell her not to try impressing her parents. It wasn’t worth the effort.

So Kali paid far more attention to how Nancy’s silver earrings caught the light, how her eyes kept landing on Kali between the words she spoke, as if it was natural. But she did it so often, Kali knew they both had a hard time keeping their eyes off each other.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler thought she was a “friend”. Nancy did not intend to hide anything, but she had wanted her parents to meet Kali first, to know her just as a person, before they judged her for how Nancy loved her. Kali’s heart still squeezed painfully at the thought.

-

“I’m not so worried about my mom,” Nancy had told her, a few days

before. They'd been sitting in Steve's car in the school parking lot, smoking weed from Kali's pipe, while Nancy skipped ninth period. (Steve let Kali borrow his car while he was at work. They had an unspoken agreement that she would let him smoke from her pipe, too.)

"She never let any of our relatives ask me about having a boyfriend. She made this big scene about it once, when my aunt asked me right in front of her. I was fifteen. I think she doesn't want me to marry young like she did. But we've never talked about it. And once when she was a little tipsy at my cousin's wedding reception, I heard her talking about a lesbian she knew in college. I asked her about it the next day, she seemed embarrassed, almost. But not offended you know? I think they dated. Or at least slept together. Before she met my dad. What do you think?"

Nancy rambled when she was high, and Kali found it a thousand times cuter than sober Nancy rambling. Because she was so lost in herself. It made bringing her out of herself twice as fun.

Kali reached out and ran a fingertip down Nancy's cheek. Nancy turned to her and grinned, easily distracted. Kali let her finger linger next to Nancy's lips, and as she'd hoped, Nancy kissed it.

"I think you should tell your mother about us as soon as I leave the dinner this weekend," Kali said, forcing herself to take her eyes from Nancy's mouth. Nancy had a look of worry mixed with giddiness, but Kali knew she wasn't too high. They'd learned to read each other much better over the past eight months they'd been dating.

But part of knowing someone was knowing when to ask questions. Kali pushed Nancy's hair behind her ear, a familiar gesture she knew the other girl loved. "Unless you want me to be there with you?" she added, raising her brows, mirroring Nancy's worried look.

But Nancy immediately shook her head, taking Kali's hand in hers, turning it palm up. "No, I want it to just be between me and her. You don't have to be there for that conversation."

She stared at Kali's palm the entire time she spoke, her hold on Kali's hand light, even as she lifted Kali's hand closer to her face. Kali

studied her profile, wondering if she should push the issue. Nancy wasn't known to lie about needing her help, but she was known to lie. And neither of them had experience coming out to anyone, least of all a parent.

Nancy was now cradling her hand in both of her own, rubbing her thumb over Kali's pinky finger over and over. Kali was just coming down from a very mild high, but she couldn't bring herself to pull her hand away. Not yet.

"If you change your mind, Nancy, I'll stay. You don't have to do this alone," Kali said, her voice quieter in an attempt to soften her words. She'd been told that she had a harsh tone even without meaning to. It was something she was working on.

But Nancy didn't react how Kali expected. She solemnly pressed a kiss to the center of Kali's palm, before slowly closing Kali's fist. "I know. But I won't change my mind." She turned to look directly at Kali, her bloodshot eyes dry but overflowing with emotion. Kali wasn't sure how to classify that emotion, only that Nancy looked on the edge of some sort of overwhelmed. It had to be the weed.

"I love you," Nancy said. And she kissed Kali's knuckles.

It was still hard for Kali to say. Nancy knew that. So there was no hesitation at all when Kali pulled Nancy in for a real kiss.

-

At the same time Kali tried not to all-out stare at how the velvet showed off her girlfriend's subtle curves so differently, she made an effort to pay attention to the food and compliment Mrs. Wheeler on her cooking. Mr. Wheeler she easily knew was a lost cause. If he had any opinion on Kali, he had no interest in sharing it. At least not yet.

After Nancy had helped her mother and Mike clean up after dinner (Mr. Wheeler had remained in his La-Z-Boy, glued to the television), Nancy came into the living room to find Kali holding Holly casually in her lap. Kali was showing the girl a small dancing ballerina she had conjured with her gift. Of course, Ted couldn't see it.

“How did you know she loved ballerinas?” Nancy said, her smile soft as she helped Kali to her feet, taking Holly by the hand as the miniature ballerina dissipated.

Kali gave her a sly smile, and tapped the charm of the necklace Nancy wore. The one with the ballerina slippers. “I see some of you in Holly. It was a guess.”

They led Holly into the kitchen, where Mrs. Wheeler was beginning to bake a dessert for some neighbor or other. Nancy slipped from her heels into house slippers to help her mother, while Kali began again to entertain her little sister in plain sight, the other Wheeler parent none the wiser. The kitchen filled with the smells of vanilla, melting butter and sugar.

The next hour passed almost too easily. Mrs. Wheeler surprised her. She didn’t ask Kali about school, or her parents. Instead she asked if Kali liked to read (she did) and what movies were her favorite. Kali wanted to think Nancy had warned Mrs. Wheeler somehow, not to ask Kali certain questions, but what would she have said?

The Wheeler’s home was so lavishly decorated for Christmas, Kali didn’t give the little white and green plant above the doorway between kitchen and foyer a second thought.

So after the kitchen was clean and Mrs. Wheeler had taken a sleepy Holly upstairs, she thought Nancy was simply leading her through the doorway to show her out. All she could think about was feeling Nancy’s bare skin against her palm as she pulled that velvet dress off her shoulders. Something she hoped she could do later tonight, if Nancy was still able to leave after everyone went to bed. It was a Saturday night, after all.

But instead of going all the way through the doorway, Nancy stopped, turned, and took both of Kali’s hands in her own. There was a lopsided smile on her face, somewhere between impish and nervous.

“I should’ve had more wine,” was the first thing she said. Kali laughed.

“You sure you don’t want me to stay?” Kali said, sobering quickly as she asked the question.

Nancy’s smile relaxed somewhat. “I’m sure.” Then she glanced up, her smile growing into a grin. “Mistletoe.”

“Missile-what?” Kali said, looking up at the innocuous plant hanging above them, then back at Nancy, who was now grinning so big her large doe eyes were practically sparkling.

“You know. You have to kiss under mistletoe,” Nancy said, her tone not the least bit mocking. Just excited. Giddy. Her hands squeezed Kali’s, pulling her slightly closer.

A vague memory teased the back of Kali’s brain. Mistletoe. It did sound familiar.

But she was quickly distracted from the thought by Nancy moving even closer to her, her lightly glossed lips all Kali could focus on.

“Well, kiss me then,” Kali said, raising one eyebrow. And she pulled Nancy forward, closing the space between them. Nancy giggled into her mouth, her arms going around Kali’s neck.

They teased each other’s lips, pushing forward and pulling away, the kiss growing deeper by degrees. Nancy tasted of red wine and cake batter, and the velvet of her dress felt like the worst tease under her hands. So she ran her hand up Nancy’s bare back, delighting in the silky softness, and the sigh that went into her mouth.

Kali had never been in a house that hung mistletoe. Not one she’d been invited to. Except this one. When Nancy opened the front door for her, she still held Kali’s hand. Her grip was firm, unwilling to let go, even as the winter air enveloped them both.

Kali stepped outside, looked back at her, at their joined hands. “I’ll see you soon?”

Nancy squeezed her hand, gave her one last quick kiss on the lips, and slowly, reluctantly let go. “Tonight. I promise.”

As Kali walked away, all she could see was that last small smile on

Nancy's face. Her eyes had been dry, worried still, but hopeful.

7. New Years

Summary for the Chapter:

In response to a fic prompt sent by foxy-mulder on tumblr: “How is it possible to dye your hair gold for new years.”

December 31, 1986, 8:34pm

Kali let herself into the trio’s apartment, using the key Nancy had given her. She kept it in an inner pocket of the leather jacket she always wore, even under her winter coat.

The living room was empty and quiet, but the lights were on.

“Nancy!” Kali called out, walking further into the apartment. The bathroom light spilled into the short hallway, and Nancy’s head poked out.

“Hey—what did you do to your hair?!” Kali said, striding forward, her eyes wide.

Nancy looked up, as if she could see her own hair, now dyed a glittering gold all over. “Oh, do you like it? I thought it was festive,” she said, giving Kali one of her heart-stopping grins. Kali stopped in front of her, wordlessly touching a lock of glittery hair, studying it in the bathroom light.

“How is it possible to dye your hair gold?” Kali said, noticing now that Nancy’s hair was not completely gold—she could still see the brown underneath.

Nancy turned to the bathroom sink and picked up a spray can, handing it to Kali. “Temporary hair color spray. I’ve been wanting to try this out for ages. What do you think?”

Nancy stepped a bit closer, and her perfume permeated Kali’s head, making her want to give a girlish sigh and kiss Nancy senseless. But Kali heard the note of worry in Nancy’s voice. She smirked, looking up from the spray can through her lashes.

“For New Years? It’s perfect,” she said, and kissed Nancy lightly on the lips. She was gifted with another one of Nancy’s grins.

“You’re going to stand out in every bar we go to,” Kali added, setting the hair spray aside, and closing the space between them. She put her arms around Nancy’s waist, lacing her fingers at her lower back. Nancy let herself be backed against the bathroom counter, her cool hands going to Kali’s shoulders.

“*Every* bar? How many do you have in mind?” Nancy asked, tilting her head, her smile turning impish.

“As many as it takes to get you plastered,” Kali said, almost snickering. Nancy’s expression didn’t change—she knew Kali wasn’t mocking her.

Her fingers skimmed Kali’s undercut, and they hummed in unison—Kali with contentment, Nancy with consideration.

“And you? Are you getting plastered, or just watching over me?” Nancy said, leaning closer, almost whispering.

“I’ll have to watch over you, you’re a beacon of sin with that hair,” Kali muttered, letting her eyes flutter closed.

Nancy laughed, the sound high and gleeful, and Kali broke it off with a kiss.

8. honey and stars

Notes for the Chapter:

I picture this taking place sometime in the summer of 1985.

Nancy loves worshipping Kali's body. She's small like Nancy is, but in a completely different way. Their breasts are nearly the same size, Nancy's slightly smaller, more pointed than round. Kali's are soft and more curved, less twelve-year-old boy (like Nancy) and more a woman who Nancy knew was going to look young her entire life because her body was so gorgeously shaped.

When they first smoked together, clothes stayed on. But Nancy rambled to Kali how beautiful she thought Kali was. The second time, clothes did not stay on.

They spend a lot of late nights in the back of Steve's car, rarely Jonathan's when Steve is out of town or working. Just parked in a glade somewhere, or half a mile from the highway in a cornfield. Kali would usually bring the weed, there wasn't a place Nancy was comfortable hiding it at her parents' house. She could totally believe Mike could keep another kid hidden in the basement for a week without their parents' detection, but Nancy knew anything she tried to hide her mother would seek out. Karen viewed her eldest daughter very different from her only son. There was always a mistrust between them.

So Kali would roll their joints beforehand, and they'd smoke with the car still running, or completely dead. They didn't like to leave it half on, with the engine off and music playing. It was purring motor sounds and music or nothing.

Nancy prefers the quiet. Kali says she doesn't care but Nancy knows she prefers the noise. But she stands the silence better than Nancy can stand the noise. When Nancy gets high, she feels full to bursting with thoughts, questions, images. Her mouth and mind can't keep up with each other.

The second time they got high together, Nancy made the first move, something she never thought she could do with Kali, sober or not. It was different with Jonathan and Steve. They were so known to her, from childhood, from their tween years, Nancy had no barriers with them. Kali was new, and a girl like her, it was all different.

It was completely silent, and Nancy's hand rested lightly over Kali's on the backseat. The crickets were loud, the stars grungy through the dirty car windows. They'd rolled the backseat windows down, and Kali took her hand from Nancy's to light her joint. She'd just lit Nancy's for her.

Nancy inhaled a second time just as Kali inhaled her first. Then, a single second after Kali exhaled (a second before Nancy), Nancy leaned closer and pressed a smoky kiss to Kali's neck, exhaling the last of her smoke over Kali's warm skin. So warm. Nancy rubbed her nose against Kali's neck, inhaling slowly.

Kali's fingers were in her hair, gentle, not gripping. "Hey... Did you smoke before I picked you up?"

Nancy tilted her head up, whispered in Kali's ear, uneven, her words clumsy. "Mmm no. Couldn't. Had a few shots, brushed my teeth, so you." She had to stop, had to take a breath. "...Wouldn't know."

Kali was grinning, but her eyes were closed. Nancy moved Kali's loose white t-shirt aside, and kissed her collarbone, the outer edge.

"Liquid courage for the indomitable Nancy Wheeler," Kali drawled, her voice full of laughter. Nancy laughed too, leaning away but not so far she had to take her hand from Kali's bare arm. Her skin was far warmer than Nancy's. Nancy was cold, Kali's skin a comforting warmth she never wanted to escape.

Their eyes met. As high as she was, Nancy imagined she could see the embers of their two joints smoldering in Kali's black, sweet eyes. But Kali's voice again distracted her. And the laughter lines around Kali's sweet eyes told her she was happy—giddy even.

"You are beautiful, too beautiful," Kali said, her smile softening. Her warm hands framed Nancy's face, and she pulled Nancy in for a real

kiss. Heavy and fragrant were the words that Nancy later used to describe that first kiss. Kali tasted of weed and a spicy candy Nancy couldn't name. Kali had been sucking on something earlier, Nancy had just thought it was a mint.

Kali pressed her lips hard against Nancy's at first, before softening. They were wild at first, both trying to get closer to the other and frustrated they couldn't. Nancy's arms were around Kali's waist now, one of Kali's hands tight in her hair, pulling with the perfect intensity, making pleasurable heat spike between Nancy's legs.

Nancy gasped into Kali's mouth, and felt Kali's tongue slide in. The kiss softened, slowed, seconds before Kali leaned away. Nancy opened her eyes, expecting smugness, an expression so at home on Kali's face. But instead she saw blank desire, and Nancy felt heat spread all through her, so hot it felt cold, at her fingertips and the tips of her toes and the hairs on the back of her neck.

Kali's fingers skimmed down one cheek, her thumb tracing Nancy's bottom lip. Nancy realized her mouth was already parted, and she tried to lean forward again. But Kali's other hand in her hair stopped her.

"You're very high, aren't you, Nancy?" Kali said, licking her lower lip after she spoke. Her eyes were on Nancy's mouth.

"Um. Uhhm," Nancy murmured, and moaned when she felt Kali's hand move up beneath her shirt, grasping Nancy's breast in her palm.

"I'll take that as a yes," Kali said, and there was no smugness. She was breathless. At least she could speak. Nancy could not find words yet.

"Then we won't do much. Just kissing. But Nancy," Kali paused, her eyes intense on Nancy's. She waited for Nancy to meet her eyes before speaking again. "Can I see all of you?" Her eyes darted, down, to Nancy's mouth, shakily back up. "Just see?"

"Oh," Nancy whispered. "Yes, yes, please, I want to see you too," Nancy said, leaning away so Kali could better get her shirt off.

It was frustrating and clumsy, both of them high, but Nancy far more so. She ended up giggling with her head still inside her shirt, and Kali tickled her bare stomach, making her laugh harder. When Nancy was finally naked, her clothes crumpled in a tangled pile on the floor of the car, she helped Kali take off the loose t-shirt and tight jeans. Nancy got far too distracted by Kali's breasts before Kali could remove her underwear or her socks. Once Nancy's mouth was at her breast, Kali couldn't tell up from down, let alone what small garments she still had on.

Nancy was too high, and too inexperienced with a woman (zero experience, in fact) that she didn't suck at Kali's nipple long, but leaned away to study and touch Kali's breasts, in complete silence and fascination.

"I've never seen a girl's breasts before, not like...this," Nancy finally whispered. Kali felt she could barely hear Nancy over her own breathing, shallow and fast, but not too much.

"Just, yknow, in the school locker room," Nancy said, her breath soft and wet on Kali's skin. Kali took a deeper breath, finally realizing her hands were tight on Nancy's shoulders. She forced her grip to soften, smoothing Nancy's curly hair away from her eyes.

"Were you curious, then?" Kali asked, her voice filled with want, but her touch unhurried.

"Umhmm, so much. But... I just thought they were all so beautiful and diverse, it was so hard not to stare..." Nancy said, closing her eyes as Kali's nails skimmed lightly up and down her neck. Kali ran her other hand through Nancy's hair, bringing her face up till she was eye-level with Kali.

Kali kissed Nancy again, and Nancy was immediately consumed with pleasure and want, but too high and languid to do more than kiss back.

9. Halloween 1985

They both dress up. Nancy all but begs Kali for weeks to dress up with her and go trick-or-treating with Holly and her.

And Kali sees it as beneath her at first. she never got to dress up for Halloween as a kid obviously. She was in the lab too long, she didn't live with her adoptive family long enough.

But Nancy was far too convincing. She told Kali so many Halloween stories, made Kali sit down with her and watch her favorite Halloween movies (mostly horror and they must've watched *Carrie* at least three times before Kali said yes to dressing up).

Nancy is, of course, a witch. Holly is dressing up as a witch for the first time and she and Holly must go to the mall and vintage stores about five times in the weeks before Halloween, building the best costumes together.

Nancy is, of course, focusing on the color purple for her witch costume. She tells Kali it's just coincidence that she chose Kali's favorite color for her costume, but Kali knows otherwise.

Kali decides to just be a witch too, because why break the costume theme of the night? They could be a trio of witches. Nancy drags her to the closest vintage store and quickly gives up on getting Kali to wear a skirt. Kali never wears any sort of skirt or dress. First, it reminded her too much of the hospital gown she had had to wear for too many years in the lab, day in and day out. Second, she hates moving around in them.

So Kali sticks with her tight jeans, and the young women go to the mall for makeup next, and find that's something they can relate on very easily. Kali loves her raccoon eye makeup. She has always wanted to wear more makeup, but didn't have the funds, stability, or time, traveling to kill off remnants of the lab for the past four years, gathering Funshine, Axel, Mick, and Dottie on the way.

Kali ends up wearing her leather jacket over a neon green halter top, and she paints random swirling designs on her stomach, neck, chest,

and hands, similar to henna (something she relearned while living with her adoptive family) but with original flairs from Kali's imagination, including an intricate gruesome zombie painted on her stomach and a growling wolf over her collarbone. Kali's artistic talent is obvious and as soon as Nancy sees Kali's costume in full glory, she's not only falling a bit more in love, she's extremely impressed and fascinated with Kali's art and has the strongest desire to trace the ink on Kali's skin with her fingers.